26 LEANAY

Dash to Droopy on page 8!

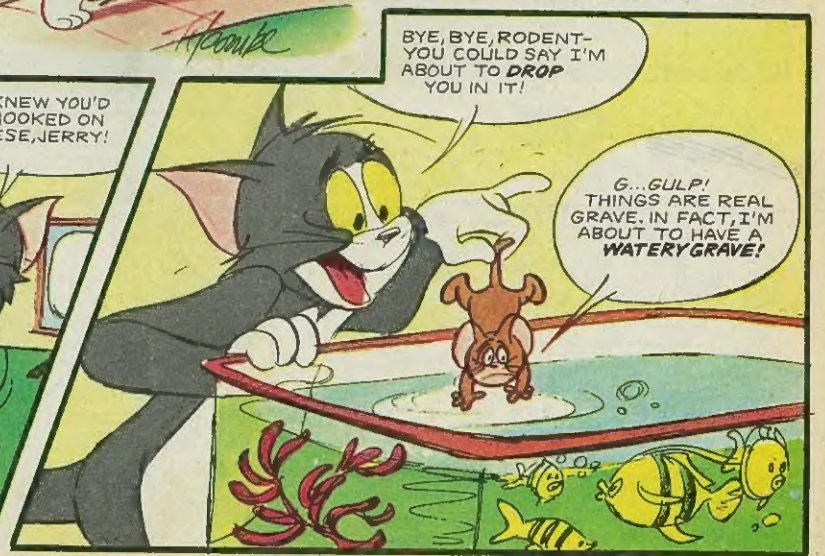
TV COMIC

6p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week ending June 29, 1974 | Number 1176

TOM and JERRY



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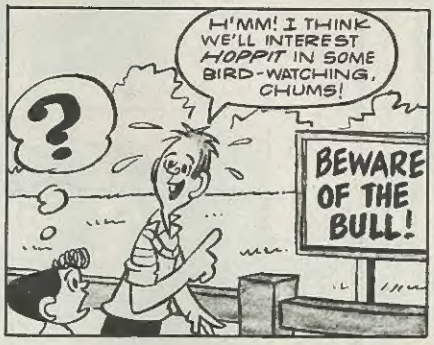
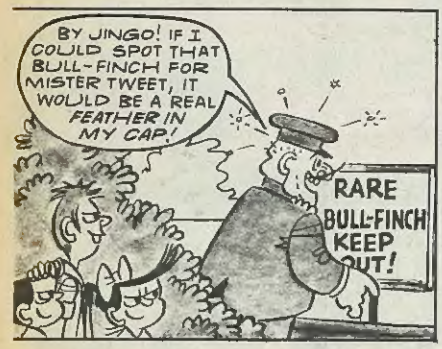
Swim to page 2.

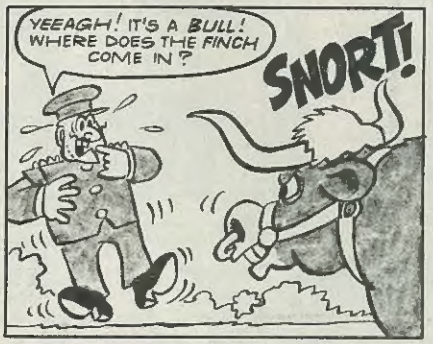
HEH! HEH! WHEN IT COMES TO REMOVING RODENTS, I'M PRETTY EF-FISH-IENT-TANKS TO MY BRIGHT IDEAS.
SLOOP
BUT...
FIRST, A PUFF OF OXYGEN FROM THIS PIPE... THEN TO LIE LOW UNTIL TOM'S GONE!
I'LL SOON BE AIRING MY VIEWS ON THAT CAT. I'M FAR FROM FINISHED, YET!
SO...
TALKING OF TOM, THAT CASED CATFISH UP THERE GIVES ME AN IDEA!
CATFISH
A LITTLE LATER...
GUESS I'LL FISH THAT RODENT OUT, AND GIVE HIM A DECENT BURIAL!
S'FUNNY I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND HIM...
TOM'S RIGHT! THERE'S SOMETHING VERY FISHY AFOOT... SNIGGER!
HUUUH?
THIS FISH IS GOING TO TIP THE SCALES IN MY FAVOUR.
SMACK!
SPLOSH!
TOOOMM! I WARNED YOU..!
SPURGLE!
THAT SHOULD KEEP YOU OUT OF MORE MISCHIEF!
...SNIGGER! WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A PRIZE CATCH! TOM'S GOT HIS OWN TANK NOW! CHUCKLE!
CATFISH

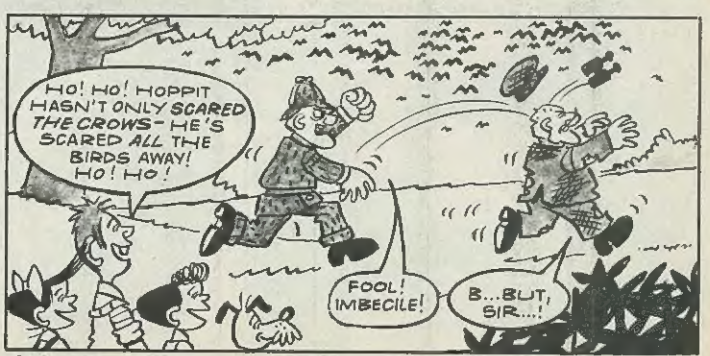
Lots of laughs in store for next week.

TV Terrors









Hoppit's boots are on the march next week!

CANNON

IN hospital after escaping death from an unknown assassin, Frank Cannon now learns of Judge Wilson's death. In both cases a wreath is delivered, together with an ominous warning . . .

Fly away Percy, fly away Paul. The team's acomin' and the next one's tall.

IF THE JUDGE'S REAL NAMES ARE MAITLAND PERCY, WHY PAUL? THIS CASE GETS CRAZIER! MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, FRANK?

CAN'T SAY IT DOES, JIM. BUT I'LL THINK ABOUT IT!

ONCE ON HIS OWN...

AND TO REACH THE RIGHT MAN I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE UNSEEN! OUCH!

YOU DO JUST THAT, FRANK. THIS IS A MURDER CASE NOT AN EXCUSE FOR YOU TO PROVE YOU'RE CALIFORNIA'S TOP PRIVATE-EYE!

SORRY, SON, WHAT I KNOW IS RESTRICTED INFORMATION, AS YET!

MINUTES LATER...

PATROL

I HAVE TO GET CLEAR WITHOUT THE COPS KNOWING. THIS WINDOW LOOKS PROMISING.

AND SHORTLY...

DEPARTMENT SIXTEEN. STATE YOUR BUSINESS PLEASE.

I WANT TO TALK TO COLONEL SCHNEIDER.

THE MACHINERY OF U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE WORKS SWIFTLY AND, LATER THAT DAY, FRANK CANNON FINDS HIMSELF IN WASHINGTON...

COLONEL SCHNEIDER WILL SEE YOU NOW, SIR.

THANKS, SERGEANT.

CHECK POINT

CANNON GIVES A RUNDOWN OF EVENTS...

WELL, COLONEL, I JUST THINK I MIGHT HAVE A WAY OF GETTING THEM ALL TOGETHER, WITHOUT RAISING TOO MUCH SUSPICION!

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, CANNON. NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT SOMEONE TRYING TO WIPE OUT YOUR OLD INTELLIGENCE TEAM?

IT MUST BE ONE OF THE TEAM, COLONEL. NO ONE ELSE SAVE YOU AND US KNEW THE JUDGE AS PAUL.

OKAY, WE'D BETTER SEE ABOUT TRACING THE OTHER FOUR. HADN'T WE, FRANK?

UNBELIEVABLE BUT TRUE, COLONEL, WHO ELSE WOULD KNOW A CODE NAME?

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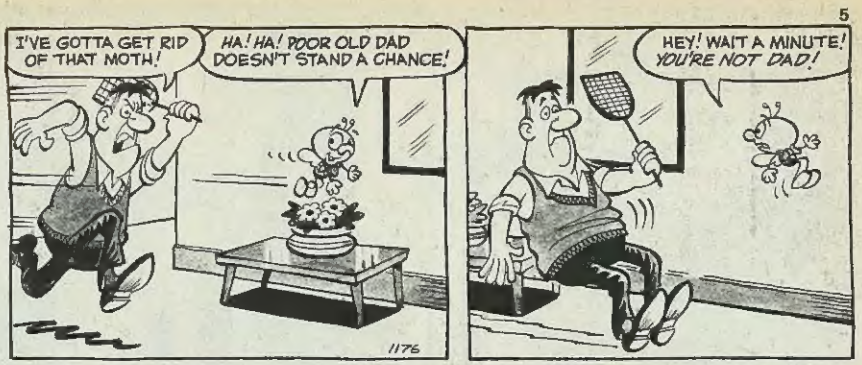
Continued next week.

MIGHTY MOTH



HE WAS GORED BY AN ANGRY MOTH! WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR?
HE SHOULD BE RECOVERED IN ABOUT ZE WEEK!
JUST IN TIME TO GO HOME! (GROAN!)

High flyin' antics with Mothy soon.

BARNEY BEAR
GRR! WHY DO THEY SCREW THE TOPS OF LEMONADE BOTTLES ON SO TIGHT?
HEY, MOOSE, SEE IF YOU CAN UNSCREW THIS TOP FOR ME!
NO. IT STILL WON'T SHIFT!
GOSH, I'M THIRSTY!
GRUNT! SORRY, BARNEY, IT WON'T BUDGE! LET'S TAKE IT TO MY WORK BENCH!
LET'S TRY THE STRONG MAN WHO WORKS ON THE PROMENADE!
GOOD IDEA!
AMAZING!
WHAT STRENGTH!
EXCUSE ME, WOULD YOU REMOVE THE TOP OF THIS LEMONADE BOTTLE FOR ME?
SURE.
GRUNT! GROAN!
HA! HA! HA!
HE CAN'T DO IT!
MAKE A FOOL OF ME IN FRONT OF MY AUDIENCE, WOULD YOU!
DOINK
HEY! DON'T FORGET YOUR LEMONADE!
KEEP IT! I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT AGAIN!
CWOO, THANKS! I LIKE LEMONADE!

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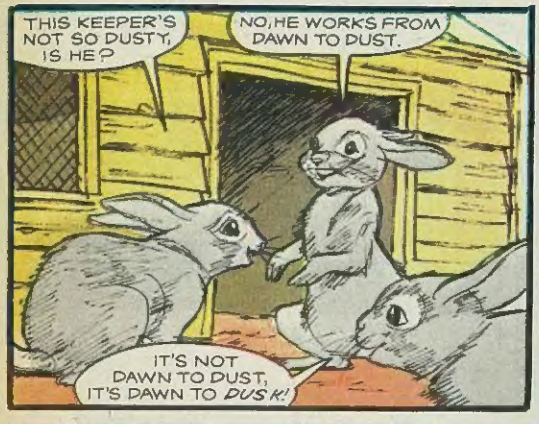
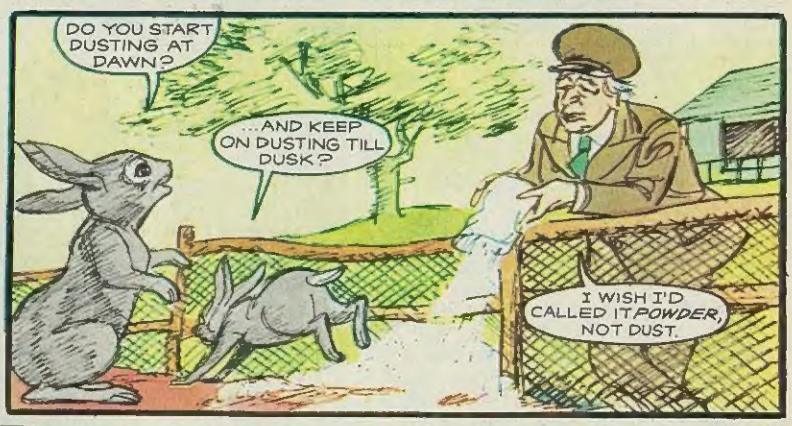
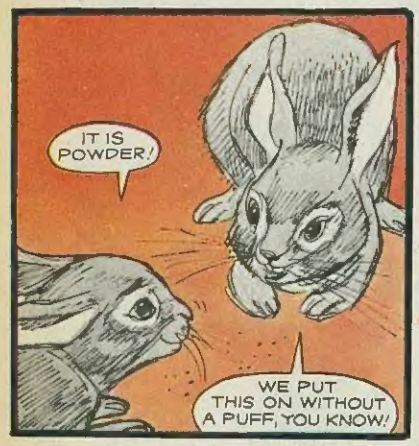
Fair's fair with Barney and Moose soon!

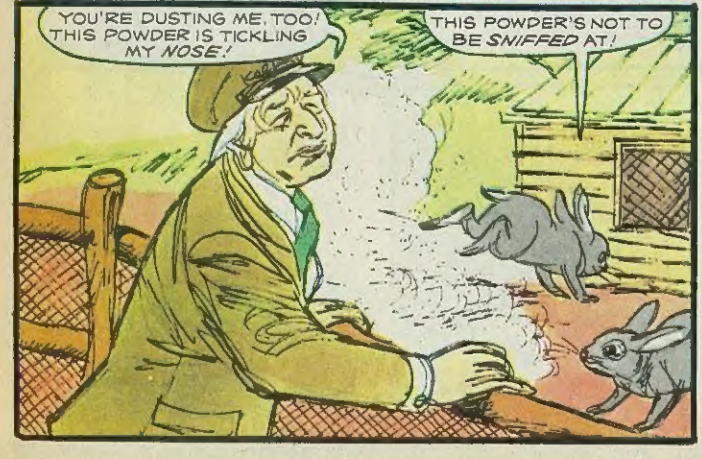
Johnny Morris's

ANIMAL MAGIC









Johnny Morris is back next week.

DROOPY
IF AN ORDINARY GUY LIKE THAT CAN BECOME A FILM STAR, SO CAN I!
DAILY DROOLER
STAR FLIES HOME TO SUPER WELCOME
AND SO...
I WANT TO GET INTO FILMS.
SUPERFILM STUDIOS MAY HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.
BEFORE LONG...
WOW! WHAT A PLACE! MAYBE THEY CAN DIRECT ME TO PERSONNEL...
SOON...
...AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE, TAKE THE SECOND DOOR ON THE LEFT...
THANKS!
MAIN STUDIO
ADMIN OFFICE
KEEP OUT
STUDIO PERSONNEL ONLY
2
DOOR TWO...THIS MUST BE IT!
ON THE OTHER SIDE...
REMEMBER, WHEN THE JUNGLE BEAST APPEARS, YOU NATIVES RUN...SO THE HUNTER CAN MOVE IN...
RUSTLE RUSTLE
AIEE!
EXCUSE ME, SIR. ARE YOU THE PERSONNEL MANAGER?
UGG! RUN! THE BEAST COMES!
WHAT DID I SAY TO UPSET HIM?
PING
NEXT MOMENT...
I'LL DEAL WITH...ER...THE CREATURE!
CREATURE? WHO ARE YOU CALLING NAMES?
DIDN'T YOU KNOW, IT'S DANGEROUS TO POINT GUNS AT PEOPLE?
WHOOSH
OOMPH! THAT'S NOT IN THE SCRIPT!
LUMME! HE'S BASHED THE BEAST!
BOK
UNNGH!
CUT!... CUT!
YOU'RE A NATURAL, SON, I'M GOING TO TURN YOU INTO A STAR OF THE BIG SCREEN!
YOU ARE, ARE YOU...?
WITH A SCRIPT LIKE THAT? YOU MUST BE JOKING!

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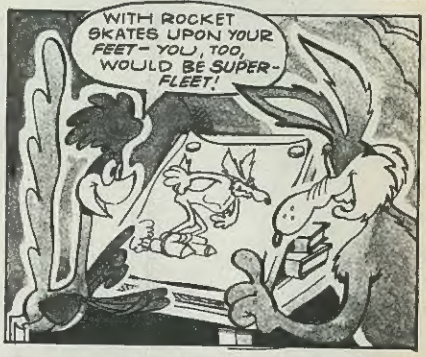
Surfing surprises with Droopy soon.

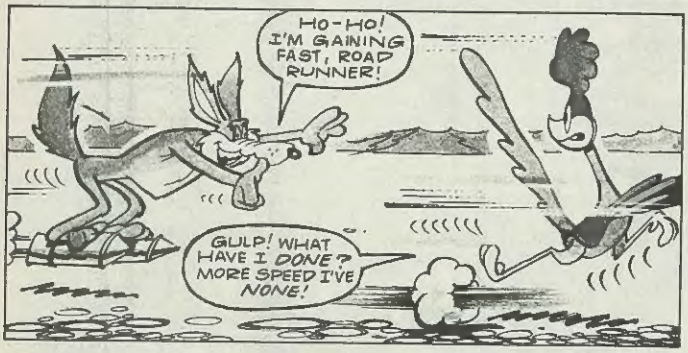
Texas Ted

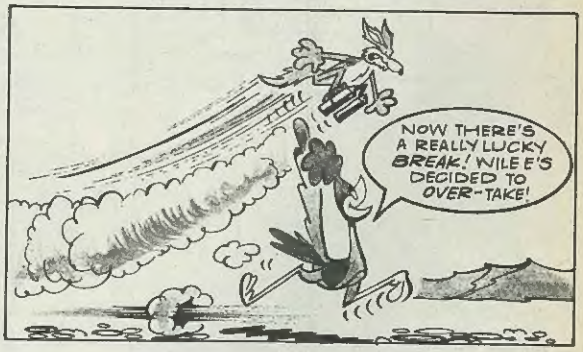
IT'S BOILING HOT. MAYBE MY NEIGHBOUR WILL LET ME HAVE A SPLASH-ABOUT IN HIS GARDEN POOL?
BUT...
YOU'LL BE LUCKY, OL' BOY! HERE, THAT'S ABOUT ALL THE SPLASH YOU'LL GET! HAW! HAW!
SPLASH
OOOP!
GAH! I CAN'T SEE A THING WITH THIS WATER IN MY EYES! OOO...ER!
GLON
NOW THAT ROTTER'S MADE ME RIP MY SUNSHADE! BAH!
HOWDY, COUSIN..
WHEN CECIL EXPLAINS...
DON'T FRET YOURSELF, COUSIN! IT'LL TAKE A TEXAN TUH HELP YUH OUT!
SLAP
A FEW MORNINGS LATER...
HO...HUM! ANOTHER SUNNY DAY...HUH?
MORNING, DOWN THERE, COUSIN?
ER...HOW D'YA LIKE THIS TEXAS-TYPE SUNSHADE, COUSIN?
IT'S RIDICULOUS, EDWARD. IT'LL CUT OFF ALL THE SUN!
AS EDWARD OPENS IT...
ERPCH
BUT YUH SAID YA WANTED TA KEEP COOL, COUSIN... UUH?
LOOK OUT!
OH, NO! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE EDWARD NOW...
KERRUNCH!
'ERE! THAT THING'S FLATTENED ME FENCE!
...AND MY POOL!
AND SO...
THAT'S RIGHT, EVERYONE! JUST FILL UP THE CANOPY...
?
EVENTUALLY...
NOW WE CAN ALL KEEP OUT THE SUN!
FRANK McDIARMID
GAH! WHAT ABOUT ME?
I'M AFRAID YOUR POOL'S A WASHOUT! CHUCKLE!
SPLOSH
HO! HO! THIS OUTSIZED-SUNSHADE MAKES A SMASHING SWIMMING POOL!
SOMETIMES IT'S RATHER HANDY HAVING A COWBOY COUSIN, EH, READERS?

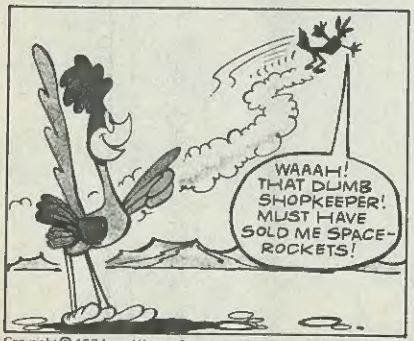
Coal calamity with Ted next week.

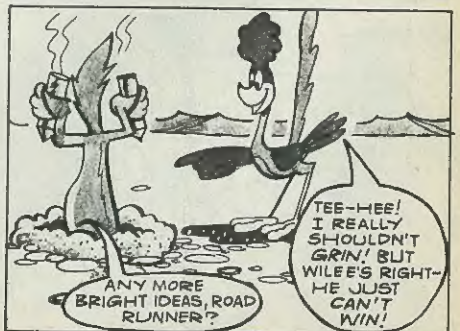
BEEP BEEP The Road Runner











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Wile E's bowled over by golf balls soon!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Dear Editor

Some time ago two friends Louise and Camille, and myself, entered a pop dancing contest. We won and received a box of chocolates, a pencil and a badge each as a prize. Then we had to do it again and won another box of chocolates. About a month later we were asked to do it again and we all won a pound. I still practise dancing at my friends' house, and I enjoy it very much. I have also won a few prizes for swimming. I am ten years old and my favourite story in TV Comic is Pink Panther.

Sandra Palmer, Co Down, N. Ireland.

You must be a born winner, Sandra. You've won again!

Dear Editor

My name is Bruce Henderson and I am ten years old. This picture was taken in Madrid. Stuart, who is wearing sunglasses, is my brother. I like Tarzan best in TV Comic.

Madrid, Spain.

Olé! You appear to be having a fine old time.

Dear Editor

My name is Terangi Leteina and I am nine years old. I live in Rarotonga, which is the capital of the Cook Islands, in the South Pacific. We cannot get TV Comic here, but my Grandmother sends it to me from New Zealand. By the time I receive them, they are about three months old. I enjoy reading them very much, and my favourite stories are Popeye and Basil Brush.

Cook Islands.

Well, Terangi, you've won a prize and with any luck your £1 postal order should arrive before you read about it.

Here is a limerick for Readers' Page:

The bottle of perfume that Willie sent,
Was highly displeasing to Millicent.
Her thanks were so cold,
They quarrelled, I am told,
Through that silly scent Willie sent Millicent.

Madelaine Swain, Herts.

This limerick came from Madelaine Swain,
Whose gifts as a poet are abundantly plain,
With ink and with pen, she could now and then,
Write a mighty fine verse, could Madelaine Swain

Dear Editor

I have a rabbit called Bunnip and a guinea-pig called Susan Scooter. We called her that because she moves along the ground like a scooter. If I win a pound I'll buy some wood and wire netting to make a run for my pets. My favourite story in TV Comic is Droopy.

Richard Woollard, Chobham, Surrey.

Get ready with the hammer and nails, Richard.

STAR LETTER

I am writing to tell you about my little dog called Samantha. When she was two years old she started to eat four five-pound notes and some Italian money my Mother had left on a table. Mummy came into the room and stopped her, but there was only the Queen's head on one five-pound note left. After that, Mummy and Daddy made sure that they kept their money out of her reach!

Vanessa Flacke, Shirley, Croydon.

Your dog has what might be called expensive tastes!

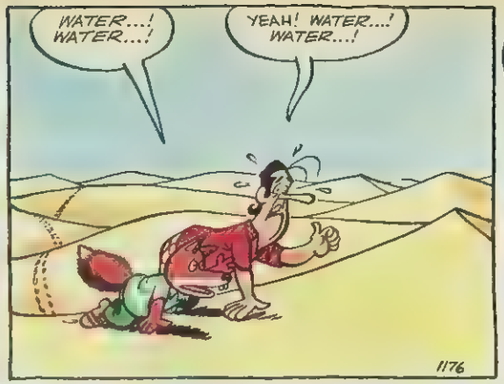
Dear Editor

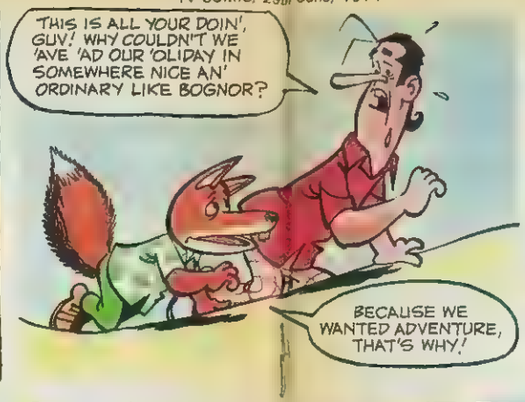
This is a photograph of me with my pets, a cat called Tiger and a dog called Seba. Tiger was a stray cat and very ill when we found him, but now he is very healthy. I like Pink Panther best in TV Comic.

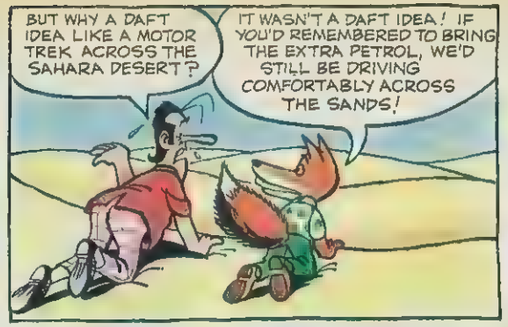
Trevor Pidgeon, Erith, Kent.

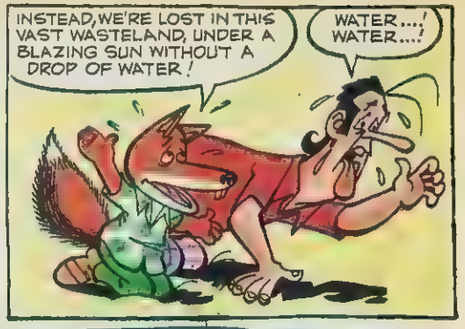
It looks as if you've done a fine job, Trevor.

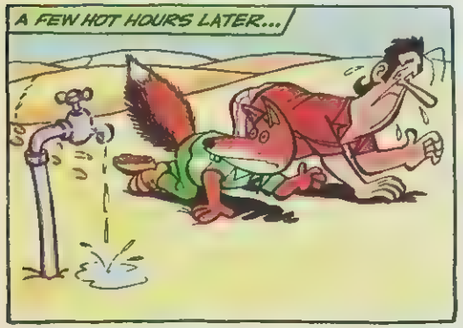
BASIL BRUSH

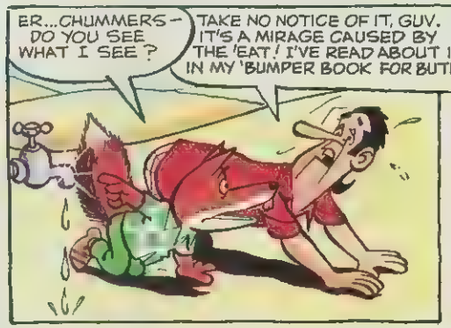


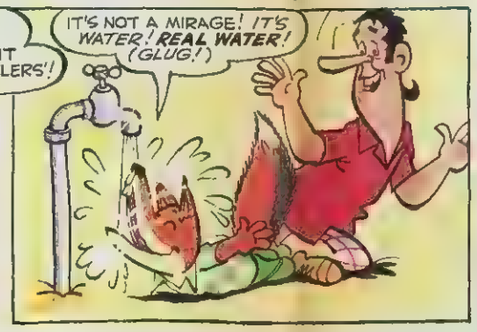

THIS IS ALL YOUR DOIN', GUV! WHY COULDN'T WE 'AVE 'AD OUR 'OLIDAY IN SOMEWHERE NICE AN' ORDINARY LIKE BOGNOR?
BECAUSE WE WANTED ADVENTURE, THAT'S WHY!

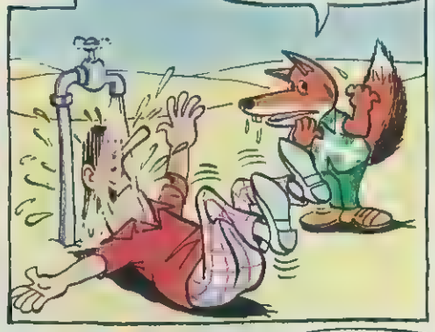

BUT WHY A DAFT IDEA LIKE A MOTOR TREK ACROSS THE SAHARA DESERT?
IT WASN'T A DAFT IDEA! IF YOU'D REMEMBERED TO BRING THE EXTRA PETROL, WE'D STILL BE DRIVING COMFORTABLY ACROSS THE SANDS!

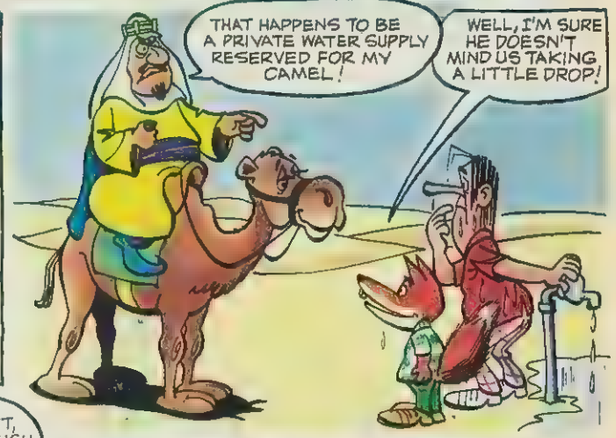


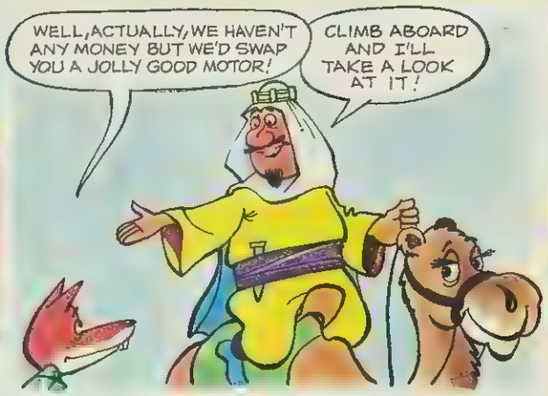


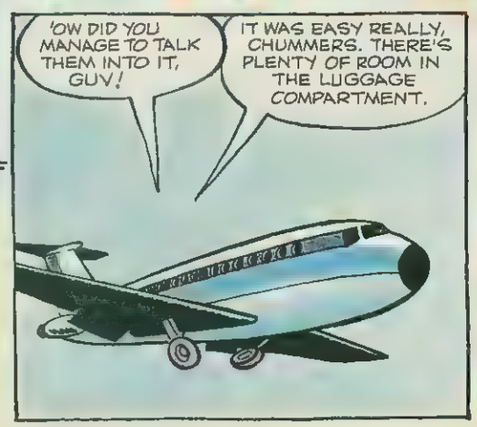

ER...CHUMMERS — DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
TAKE NO NOTICE OF IT, GUV. IT'S A MIRAGE CAUSED BY THE 'EAT! I'VE READ ABOUT IT IN MY 'BUMPER BOOK FOR BUTLERS'!

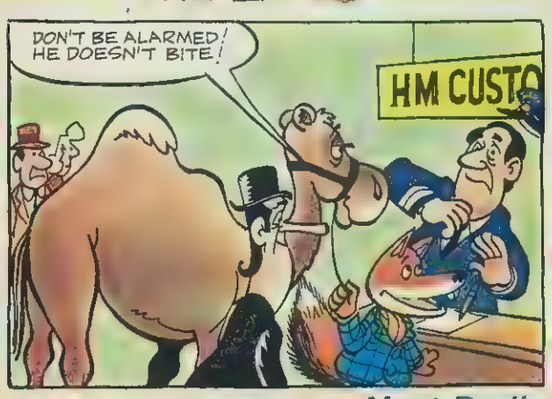


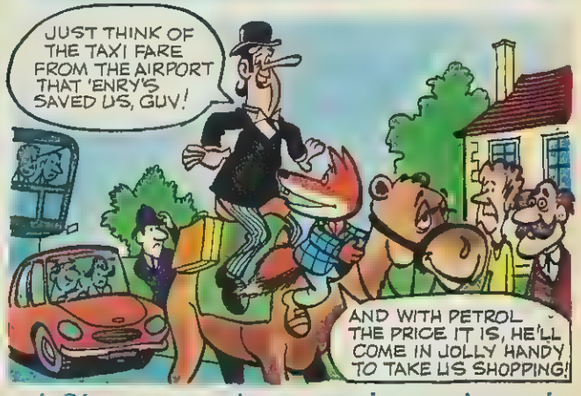











JUST THINK OF THE TAXI FARE FROM THE AIRPORT THAT 'ENRY'S SAVED US, GUV!
AND WITH PETROL THE PRICE IT IS, HE'LL COME IN JOLLY HANDY TO TAKE US SHOPPING!

Meet Basil and Chummers here again next week.

TARZAN

'THE MUTANTS'

AN expedition, led by Spence, has found diamonds within the crater of an inactive volcano. But shortly after a meteorite descends into the crater wall during a storm, the nearby Wamasi attack. Tarzan intervenes, but as Spence's party try to escape towards the volcano lip . . .

G...GET BACK! N...NO! AAAAGH!
IT...IT'S LIKE SOME LIVING NIGHTMARE!
MOVE IT, YOU TWO. THOSE NATIVES WILL BE ON US...WHAT...?
1176
I'D RATHER FACE THOSE SAVAGES THAN THAT! GET CLEAR... FOR GLORY'S SAKE!
IT...IT MUST LINK WITH THAT METEORITE, THAT WAS S...SORT OF GLOWING.
SUDDENLY...
THE MONSTER- IT'S GOT GARTH! WE MUST DO SOMETHING!
HE'S FINISHED. RUN BEFORE IT TURNS ON US!
BOTH TARZAN AND THE WAMASI WATCH IN AWE...
AIEE! THE SPIRIT OF THE SACRED MOUNTAIN HAS RISEN TO AVENGE US!
I SUSPECT ANOTHER EXPLANATION, GAZA. BUT THERE IS NOT TIME FOR THOUGHT...
I MUST NOT MISS- THE WHITE MAN'S LIFE DEPENDS UPON IT!
NOW IT IS YOUR TURN TO KNOW FEAR, EVIL ONE!
HELP ME, JUNGLE MAN! PLEASE!
SCREEE!
TARZAN'S AIM IS TRUE...
EEEEEEE!
...UUGH!
IT IS AS I THOUGHT. THE SPEAR ACTS MUCH LIKE A THORN UPON HUMAN FLESH...
AS THE HIDEOUS MONSTER SCREAMS IN PAINED RAGE.
THAT JUNGLE MAN MUST HAVE THE STRENGTH OF AN OX! LOOK AT THAT!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE GARTH ALIVE AGAIN!
BUT...
YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO HELP THE WHITE MEN, AND HAVE BETRAYED US, TARZAN. YOU, TOO, WILL DIE WITH THEM!

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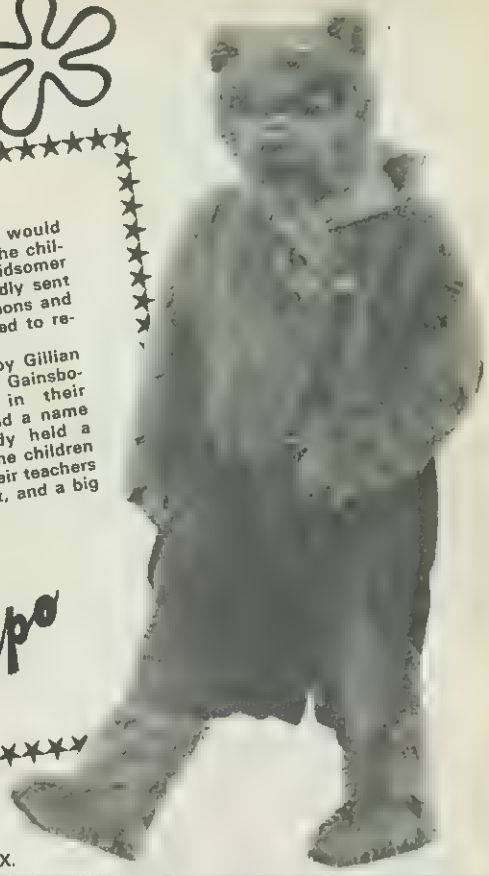
Don't miss next week's exciting episode.

BANK NOTICE BOARD
DAD'S ARMY
LONG LONG LOOK A
©1974 Peter Thurlow — Beldart Ltd
CLUNK BANG
PERHAPS HE'S CONVERTING HIS GARAGE INTO AN AIR-RAID SHELTER, SIR?
H'MM! HODGES HAS BEEN HIDDEN IN THERE WORKING AWAY FOR DAYS NOW!
CHEZ SHELTER
NOT LONG AFTER...
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT ON EARTH'S THAT?
CAN'T YOU READ, NAPOLEON? THE ARP DON'T HANG AROUND!
ARP EMERGENCY UNIT
JUST A WAY TO FIDDLE EXTRA PETROL COUPONS, IF YOU ASK ME!
BUT OTHERS THINK DIFFERENTLY...
WELL, LISTENERS, ONE CAN'T BE OTHER THAN IMPRESSED WITH MR HODGES ENTERPRISE!
I MUSTN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS!
WAR CORRESPONDENT
HMMPH!
AND SOON...
I SAY, HODGES, WOULD YOU MIND MOVING YOUR HEAP?
HOME GUARD EMERGENCY SQUAD
'ERE! WATCH IT, NAPOLEON! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE UP TO...
...BUT DON'T GET IN THE WAY OF THE ARP EMERGENCY UNIT!
THE HOME GUARD EMERGENCY SQUAD CAN HANDLE ANYTHING YOU CAN HANDLE!
THEN...
QUICK, MR HODGES! THERE'S A PANIC AT THE LOCAL SCHOOL!
LEAVE IT TO ME!
NOT LIKELY! THAT'S A JOB FOR US!
AND SO...
GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU FOOL!
GET LOST, MAINWARING!
ARP EMERGENCY UNIT
BUT AT THE NEXT BEND...
LOOK OUT!
BYE-BYE, MAINWARING!
HOME GUARD EMERGENCY SQUAD
WHEN THE HOME GUARD EMERGENCY SQUAD IS FINALLY BACK ON THE ROAD..
DOESN'T SEEM MUCH WE CAN DO, SIR BETTER GET BACK TO H.Q.!
HOME GUARD EMERGENCY SQUAD
HEEELLLPPP!
WHAT'S THAT?
THEY SOON FIND OUT..
GET ME DOWN!
IT'S HARDLY WORTH THE EFFORT, BUT I SUPPOSE WE'D BETTER TRY!
MINUTES LATER ..
I THINK ONE MIGHT SAY THAT THE EPISODE WASN'T WITHOUT SUSPENSE!
A QUESTION OF WHO SHOULD RECEIVE THE CAT CALLS, EH, WILSON?

Mainwaring's mine fishing soon!

BOPPO'S CLUB



Hello, Girls and Boys,

I must tell you about a really wonderful day I had on June 15. That was the day on which I opened the annual féte held in aid of the Princess Marina Centre for Spastics, in Seer Green, at Beaconsfield. Some very good friends had invited me to perform the ceremony and I found it most exciting. What a lovely day we all had — I enjoyed it especially as it gave me the opportunity of meeting many more members of our Boppo Club who live in Buckinghamshire. My sincere thanks to you for coming to meet me and giving your support to such a good cause. I do hope you also had an enjoyable time.

Now that school exams are over for most of you, you can start looking forward to the holidays. This means you'll have more time to carry out some of your fund-raising ideas you've written to me about, which would help to fill my Bounty Box and bring the day nearer when we can finally buy our first Boppo bus for the handicapped. What an event that will be!

Before school term finally ends, I would like to tell you of the generosity of the children in a classroom at a school in Midsomer Norton, in Somerset. They very kindly sent money and parcels of cigarette coupons and trading stamps which I was delighted to receive.

Splendid work was also put in by Gillian Cooke and Mandy Sielson from Gainsborough, who both held stalls in their classrooms for a week. Gillian had a name the dog competition and Mandy held a treasure hunt. Thank you to all the children who gave their support, also to their teachers for their help and encouragement, and a big thank you to Gillian and Mandy.

That's all for now.

Boppo

Westmorland House, 104 Stokes Croft, Bristol BS99 7QX.

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Magicube flash can see in the dark.
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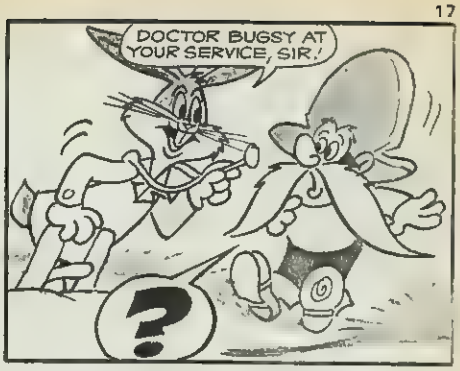
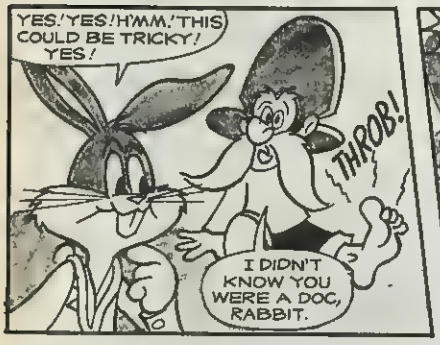
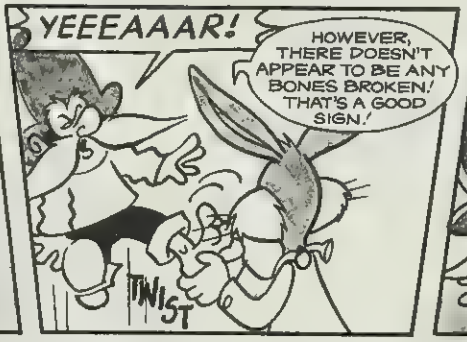
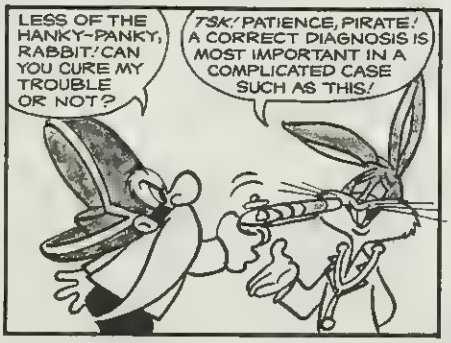
The BUGS BUNNY Show

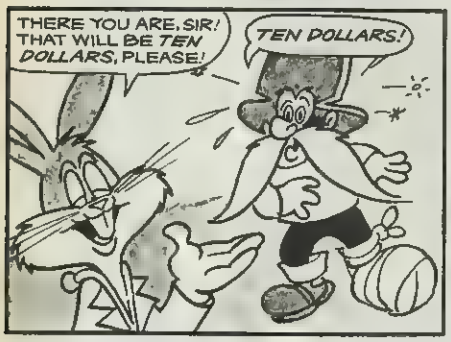
'CANNONBALL CROPPER!'

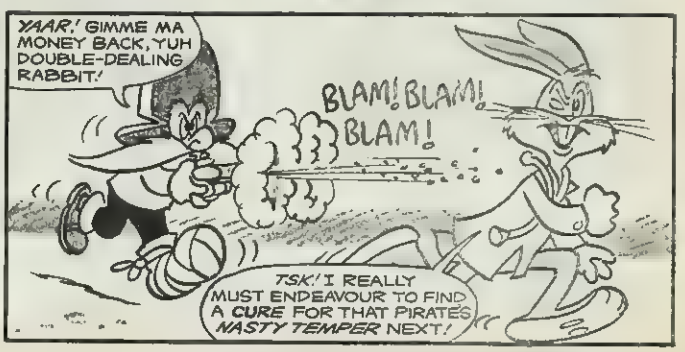







LESS OF THE HANKY-PANKY, RABBIT! CAN YOU CURE MY TROUBLE OR NOT?
TSK! PATIENCE, PIRATE! A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS IS MOST IMPORTANT IN A COMPLICATED CASE SUCH AS THIS!




YAAR! GIMME MA MONEY BACK, YUH DOUBLE-DEALING RABBIT!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
TSK! I REALLY MUST ENDEAVOUR TO FIND A CURE FOR THAT PIRATES NASTY TEMPER NEXT!

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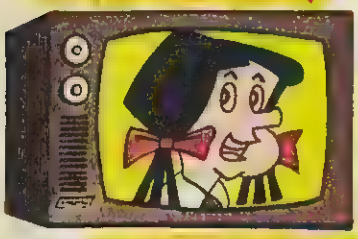
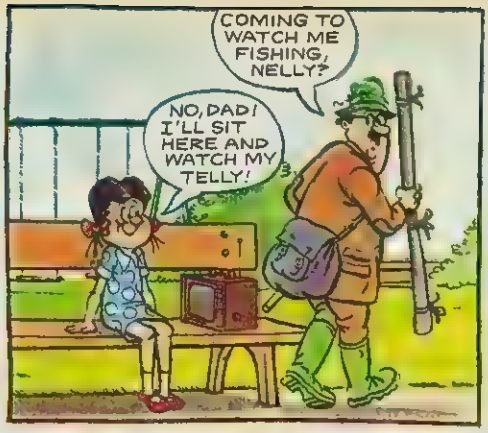
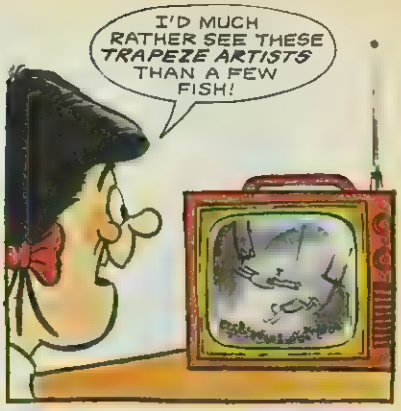
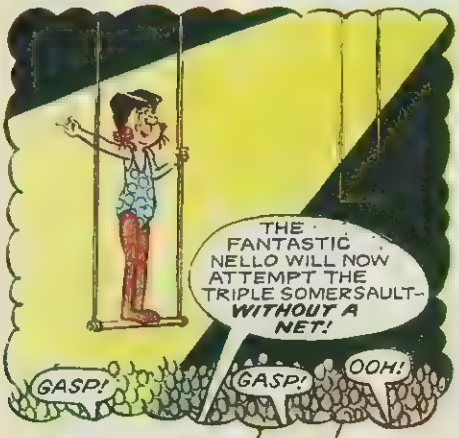
Soon: Pop-ups with Bugsy!

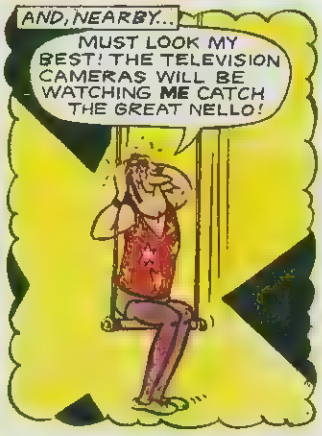
NELLY AND HER TELLY

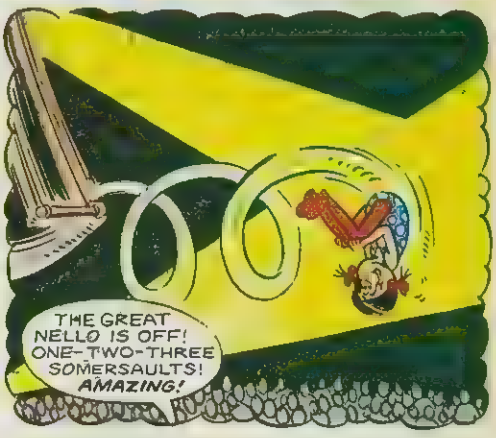


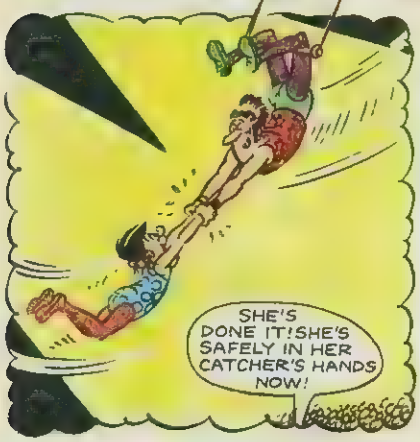


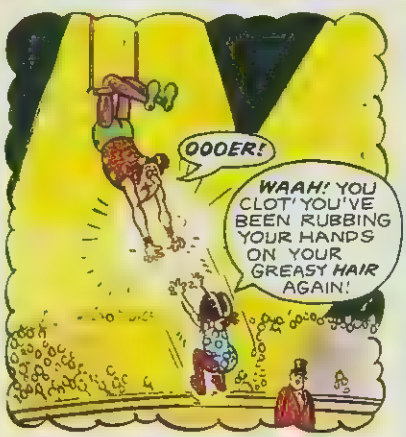


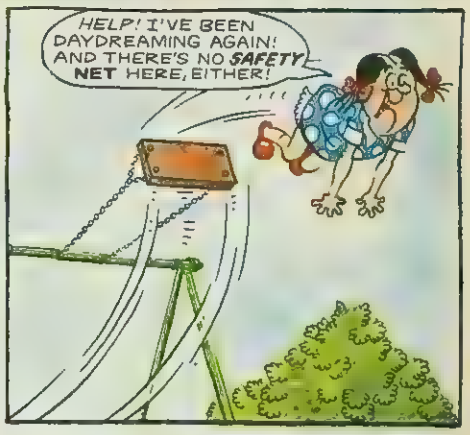


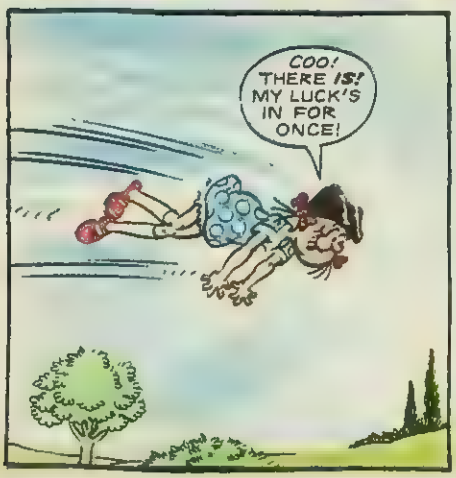












PINK PANTHER
HI, PINK PANTHER! HOW DID YOU BECOME SO DIRTY?
I'VE TAKEN UP ATHLETICS!
I'VE BEEN TRAINING FOR THE MOLE RACE ON SATURDAY
SURELY YOU MEAN THE MILE RACE?
NO, THE MOLE.
BUT BEING IN A RACE CAN'T MAKE YOU THAT DIRTY!
THIS RACE CAN. COME AND WATCH IT!
ON SATURDAY.
ON YOUR MARKS . GET SET...
LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER RACE TO ME!
BANG!
THEY'RE NECK AND NECK IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE RACE!
NUMBER THREE IS IN THE LEAD.. NUMBER FOUR IS LAGGING!
HERE WE ARE AT THE TAPE. WHO WILL THE WINNER BE?
HERE COMES THE WINNER! IT'S...IT'S..
IT'S PINK PANTHER!
WELL DONE! NOW I START TRAINING FOR THE BIG ONE- THE MARATHON!
TWENTY-TWO MILES OF UNDERGROUND RACING, AND YOU CAN'T COME UP FOR AIR IF YOU DROP OUT!
WHY NOT?
IT'S RACED UNDER THE CHANNEL! DOVER TO CALAIS!

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Panther catnabs a thief soon!

FREE

THE NEW "MATCHBOX" KITS CATALOGUE 1974-75

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(IN BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

TV 1

Laurel & Hardy

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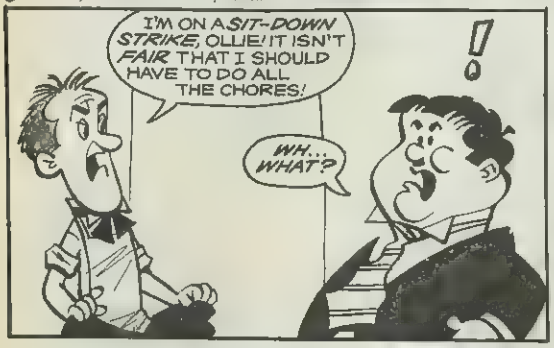
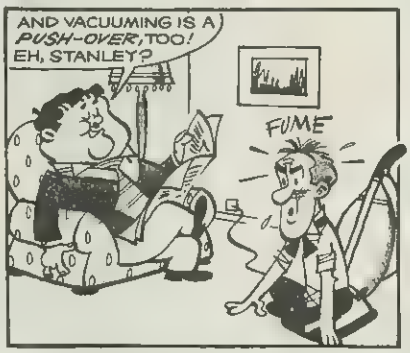
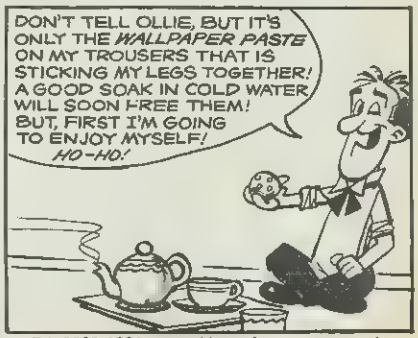




SOON...
RIGHT, STANLEY! WE'LL STOP THIS NONSENSE, THEN YOU CAN GO AND MAKE MY TEA!
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T STOP, OLLIE! YOU'VE HEARD OF LOCK-JAW?


DON'T TELL OLLIE, BUT IT'S ONLY THE WALLPAPER PASTE ON MY TROUSERS THAT IS STICKING MY LEGS TOGETHER! A GOOD SOAK IN COLD WATER WILL SOON FREE THEM! BUT, FIRST I'M GOING TO ENJOY MYSELF! HO-HO!

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DR WHO

'SIZE CONTROL'

THE Doctor has been rescued from a Mantis insect hound by two Tyrryxian engineers. He learns that the evil Mantis leader is a mutation that has turned his harmless race into monsters. The entire Mantis-ship has been miniaturised to evade the pursuing Tyrryxian battle fleet, a situation that will become permanent if they do not return to their normal size quickly . . .

HOW LONG HAVE WE TO PUT MATTERS RIGHT?

NOT MORE THAN ONE SPACE HOUR, DOCTOR. MAYBE LESS.

I FEEL THE MANTIS LEADER WILL CHOOSE TO REMAIN IN THIS DIMENSION, RATHER THAN FACE THE JUSTICE OF MY PEOPLE!

THEN WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO THAT LABORATORY AND THE TARDIS. IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!

BUT THE MANTIS LEADER IS WAITING FOR THE SCARUS TO RETURN WITH YOU.

SO RELEASE THIS HORROR FROM ITS TRANCE. IS IT STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE *TWO EXTRA* PASSENGERS?

ER...YES. IT CAN CARRY TWENTY TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT. BUT, WHY?

...I THINK I BEGIN TO SEE YOUR REASONING, WISE ONE.

ALONE IN THE LABORATORY, THE BROODING MANTIS LEADER WAITS...

Where is the Scarus? Why has it not returned? Is the alien a magician? Is he as powerful as a Tyrryxian?

A STRANGE, TICKING SOUND BREAKS THE GIANT INSECT FROM ITS BLACK MOOD...

The Scarus! Come, my pretty. Bring it to your master!

SECONDS LATER...

THE ENTIRE PLAN RELIES ON MY TYRRYXIAN FRIENDS GETTING CLEAR UNSEEN, BEFORE I AM DELIVERED.

AND BEFORE THE CREATURE SCUTTLES INTO VIEW...

I WISH YOU FORTUNE, DOCTOR.

YOU ALSO, FRIEND.

SOMEHOW, I THINK I'M GOING TO NEED IT!

THEN...

So, alien! I see my voice is still too loud for your feeble listening organs. That must be corrected.

I HOPE THAT MEANS HE'S GOING TO ENLARGE ME.

THE DOCTOR'S WISH COMES TRUE...

IT SEEMS I HAVE NO CHOICE...

I will know the secrets of your cabinet. The alternative is DEATH!

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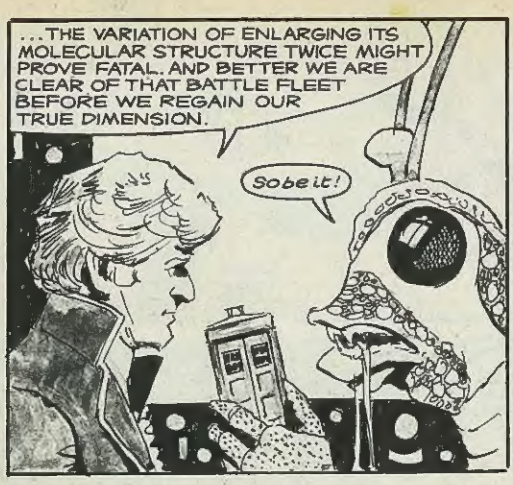
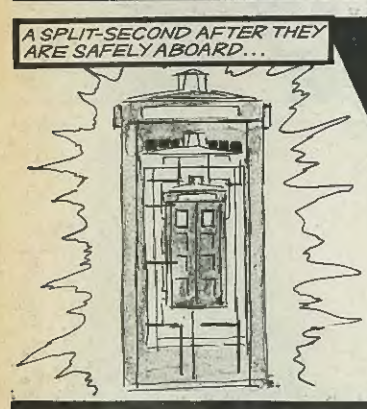

...THE VARIATION OF ENLARGING ITS MOLECULAR STRUCTURE TWICE MIGHT PROVE FATAL. AND BETTER WE ARE CLEAR OF THAT BATTLE FLEET BEFORE WE REGAIN OUR TRUE DIMENSION.
So be it!

ONCE AGAIN THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE SIZE CONTROL, THIS TIME TO SEE HIS SURROUNDINGS GROW MIRACULOUSLY...
COME, SMONOS, THE DOCTOR HAS DONE HIS PART. NOW IT IS UP TO US!



AWAITING THE DECISION OF THEIR LEADER IN THE MANTIS-SHIP'S CONTROL ROOM, THE CREW ARE BECOMING RESTLESS...
Why does the leader not make a decision?...The time of permanent microsity is near.
He still probes the alien for his secrets of time travel.
That noise!...What is happening?

LATER...
WE OWE YOU A GREAT FAVOUR, DOCTOR. THIS MENACE WAS CERTAINLY A MISTAKE ON OUR PART.
HIS REDUCTION TO SIZE DIMINISHES HIS DANGER.
I'M GLAD YOU TWO ARRIVED IN TIME TO TACKLE HIM, WHEN HE FOUND HE'D BEEN TRICKED.

NOT LONG AFTER...
IT'S TIME I GOT BACK TO EARTH. ALL THIS INTER-DIMENSIONAL NONSENSE HAS GIVEN ME A YEARNING FOR A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET!

A great new Doctor Who story begins next week

POPEYE
SPINACH
SNIFF! WHAT'S COOKIN'?
IT'S OUR DINNER. SPAGHETTI AN' SPINACH!
UGH! I CAN'T STAND THAT FOREIGN GRUB. GIVE ME GOOD PLAIN FOOD ANY DAY.
EAT IT ALL UP, SWEE' PEA, THEN WE'LL GO OUT AN' FLY OUR RADIO-CONTROLLED AIRCRAFT!
SOON...
BRRRRRR!
YIPEE! AWAY SHE GOES!
MEANWHILE...
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALLS A MEAL. BANGERS AN' MASH!
BRRRR!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
HUH! IT'S POPEYE'S MODEL PLANE. I'LL SOON DEAL WITH THAT!
BRRRR!
BANG!
NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO EAT MY MEAL IN PEACE!
IT'S COMIN' DOWN, UNCA!
YEAH! IF ONLY I CAN CRASH LAND IT INTO...
SMASH!
HA-HA! IT SMASHED INTO BRUTUS' MASH! STILL HE SAID HE LIKED 'PLANE' FOOD!
COME ON, UNCA. WE HAS A NEW PLANE TO MAKE!

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Wimpey's piano playing soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION